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than the French capital?) he did not despair of seeing her trample on her husband's veto, quit the Mediterranean, and return to the footlights. The magic mirror hung on the same hazel tree in the old enchanted grove—he was sure she would return to question it. Does Baronness Vigier, possess Sophie Cruvelli's talents? Meyerbeer died without seeing the magic mirror visited. To be sure he heard occasionally a rumor in the south which made him think she was coming. He was only half mistaken. She sat out indeed; but she contented herself with a magic looking-glass. True it reflected only her face, while the mirror would have reflected all herself. She would give a concert for the poor of Nice every winter, which added \$4,000 to their money chest, and hear the applause which gave warranty the Baronness Vigier possessed all of Sophie Cruvelli's talents. This week she came to Paris and sang at Salle Herz. How delighted Meyerbeer would have been were he still alive! He would have paced the distance between Salle Herz and the Grand Opera after midnight, muttering as he went some Hebrew abracadabra to enchant the artist's feet and make them to take the path to the Grand Opera. The poor led her on to the Salle Herz, their rags were the carpet on which she tread. You may easily believe there were a great many more demands for tickets than they were tickets sold. The Rue de la Victoire (in which Salle Herz is situated) was literally choked with carriages, and there was scarcely one among them without its coat of arms. It had been ten years since Mlle. Cruvelli appeared for the last time before a Parisian audience. She sang "La Mer" by Levy, and the inflammatory of Rossini's "Stabat" and the "Miserere" of Verdi's "Trovatore"; she singing the parts of Leonor and Manrique. She produced the greatest effect in the "Miserere." She did not sing it better than the other pieces, but the audience, who had never heard anybody sing the two first pieces, were familiar with the execution of the latter by the most famous voices of the Italian Opera. They had a standard of comparison which enabled them to see how greatly Mme. Vigier excelled all other songstresses. Although she is now forty-two years old (she was born at Bielefeld, Prussia, the 29th August, 1824,) her beauty has scarcely lost any particle of charm. It has rather bloomed into too full a flower for Parisian aristocratic tastes, where thinness is most in fashion. The Empress, the Princess de Metternich, the Marquis de Gallifet, the Duchess de Morny are all thin. Baronness Vigier is becoming corpulent, which she owes to her winterless existence fanned by sea air. You know she lives at Nice. Her husband (who is master of \$20,000 a year) has built a magnificent Venetian Palace on the sea shore. It contains a small theatre where Mme. Vigier and her friends play. It is said she is very fond of cards, and does not bear her losses with equanimity. Indeed, her hand has such a reputation for quickness she finds it no easy matter to obtain ladies who are willing to play with her. Last winter Mons. G. de C——, (one of the most aristocratic residents of Nice,) gave a ball to which Mme. Vigier was of course invited. She took her seat at a card table. In the course of the evening a dispute arose between her and Mlle. de F—— (a marquis's daughter,) about some point in the game. Mme. Vigier raised her hand to give Mlle. de F—— a hearty slap. Mons. de C—— saw Mme. Vigier's hand getting restless and he went near to catch it if it went mad. He did so and prevented a great scandal in his house. The game, however, in which Mme. Vigier was engaged was at once broken up, and Mlle. de F—— and her family have discontinued their acquaintance with Mme. Vigier. Cards are not her only passion; she is very fond of the kitchen. She delights to peel onions (she is very fond of the vegetable, and as her husband shares this taste—well, there is no harm done!) to mince herbs, to make omelettes, to

hear butter cracking in the pan, and serve up nice dishes. A jewel of a wife, as you see, for if her right hand has quicksilver in it, (and what child of Eve was perfect?) her left has bisque—so there is compensation. It is said that Mlle. Patti is never so happy as when she is cooking macaroni, which Rossini has taught her to bring to Neapolitan perfection. Mme. Gueymard delights in cooking omelettes and sausages. Mme. Doche's kitchen (it is true she is not a songstress but an actress) is famous here, as cleaner and brighter than any kitchen in Holland, and she is all day long in it. Here is a letter which Carlotti Grisi (the airy danseuse and bewitching woman) has just written Mons. Jules Janin from her sequestered Swiss cottage: "Friend if you would ever see an admirable herd of beautiful Swiss cows, give the preference to the Swiss girl, Carlotti Grisi! Of all the poems I have dined, of all my dreams, nothing remains but a herd grazing the grass of my meadow, and giving me in exchange a tub of milk every evening. I have the good part, believe me, I press real grass with those light feet which never touched earth, so the fibers of the *feuilleton* said. I do touch earth, and I go with my feet in wooden clogs to contemplate this rustic opulence without knowing what satiety is. Adieu, excellent man, love me always." One more anecdote to show Mme. Vigier's vivacity. She was playing at the Carlo Felice Theatre. She was not then the famous artist who had commanded the applause of London and Paris. The play was "Cenerentola." Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli had a sister, Mlle. Marie Cruvelli, who was likewise a songstress, and she invariably made her sister's engagement the concurrent condition of her own engagement. Her sister was an artist whose talents were not above mediocrity. Her sister sang with her in "Cenerentola." Mlle. Marie Cruvelli was hissed. Furious at this treatment of her sister, Mlle. Sophie turned round to the audience, put her thumb on her nose and twirled her hand (her hand gets her into as much trouble as other women's tongues! it is evidently her unruly member) at the audience. As the audience at the Genoa theatres are said to be the most irritable audience in Europe, you may conceive the storm raised. The manager and actors implored her to present excuses to the public. She refused. The performance ended in disorder. The next day some of the auditors summoned her before the Police Court for insulting the audience, (this course is not unusual in Italy,) and she was sentenced to appear before the public between two gendarmes! There was no help for it, go on the stage and make excuses she must. However, two officers were allowed to escort her instead of the gendarmes of the Police Court. The audience proved good-natured. The moment she appeared and advanced towards the footlights, applause commenced and was so loud it clearly signified the audience refused to allow her to make excuses. Her husband, I may add by way of conclusion, is very much afraid of her returning to the stage. He allows her to sing no where but at her own house, where he entertains a great deal. It is said her favorite song is the bolero of the Vespers Siciliennes, which you may remember Verdi wrote expressly for her. In singing the song she pours forth all her voice, and heart and soul.

GAMMA.

Sir Isaac Newton's house, here, has been taken by the Metropolitan Railway Company. It is in Vicarage Place, Kensington. Sir Isaac Newton died on the 18th of March, 1727, aged 85. The owner had carried on a school called Newton's House, and his claim for it was between £4000 and £5000. The jury gave a verdict for £2110. The same railway company took Milton's house at Cripplegate, and now hold Newton's house at Kensington.

TOO CLUMSY FOR ANYTHING BUT MUSIC.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through,—a voice I hear now as I write these lines,—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse shoes, tenons and mortises, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. O happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,—

"You're the boy that broke the vase, are n't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others,—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come,—she loved; it thrilled in her voice, and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?" I did so.

"Good; very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none,—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps right, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it," and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practised, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events,—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. O that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. O it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That

was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered, I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,—

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "Delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. O, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. O those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful towards her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues never could have known. Ah me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as again I sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice,—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds

swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

A VERY HARD CASE.

BY HENRY HERZ.

On the 22d of November, 18—, I quitted Liverpool for Boston, in the Royal Mail Steamship Caledonia. As I stood on the wharf ready to embark I saw a man whose face was not unknown to me moving to and fro with an uneasy air, asking to speak with the captain of the ship.

The history of this person, who was the possessor of a great fortune, and was very well known in Paris, is worth telling. It is both sinister and amusing.

"Captain! captain! where is the captain?" exclaimed Mr. X.

The captain made his appearance.

"My trunks, Mr. Captain! where are my trunks?"

The captain replied in English: "I don't understand you."

M. X. said: "Hang such language! Why don't the English speak French? It would be far more convenient all around. Good heavens! if I only knew where my trunks were."

Seeing Mr. X.'s embarrassment, I offered to be his interpreter, although Lord Byron's language was not very familiar to me at that time.

Mr. X. took me affectionately by the hand, saying: "What a service you do me, sir! I have eighteen trunks and—"

"You have eighteen trunks!" I exclaimed with great astonishment.

"Yes, and they are not one too many when a man is going to the new world. Unfortunately, here I am about to sail, and I cannot find my trunks high or low—although eighteen trunks are anything but like a needle in a haystack."

I made inquiries, and Mr. X.'s eighteen trunks were found and put on board the steamship. An hour afterwards, we were at sea. The sea was smooth, but the wind was freshening, and threatened foul weather for the next day.

Mr. X. said to me in a disdainful tone, "I am disappointed in the ocean. It is wide, I grant you, and deep, but it is perfectly flat."

"It is not always flat; and perhaps you may regret to-morrow that it is so high."

"My opinion is, sir, that the ocean has been overlauded to humiliate the rivers, which is all the greater injustice; for I should like to know what would become of the ocean if it were not for the rivers. I assure you, I have no private reasons for lauding rivers to the ocean's detriment; but I do love justice, and I must say the ocean's very flat."

The wind freshened more and more. Presently the steamship labored as she plowed her way through the waves, which at first were slight enough, but now began to swell and break with fury on the steamship's bow.

Mr. X. began to look pale. I, too, began to feel the first effects of the vessel's pitching.

He said to me, "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day; but I don't feel well."

"Nor do I."

"And yet I ate a very hearty breakfast."

"So did I."

"But I don't think I shall dine with so good an appetite."

"Neither shall I."

"The trouble seems to be with the stomach."

"Ay."

"It is very odd."

"Oh no. It is perfectly natural."

"It strikes me the sea is not as flat as it was."

"Are you less disappointed in it?"

"Yes, but more disappointed with myself. Why, how the steamship rolls! It is agreeable,

and yet confoundedly disagreeable. Ah, *mon Dieu!* I begin to believe I am poisoned."

"Oh no; you are sea-sick as well as I."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"Well, after all, I am glad I sailed."

A person at this moment called me by my name. M. X. shook me affectionately by the hand, and asked what I was going to America for.

I replied, "to see the country, and give concerts."

"I lay you cannot guess the object of my voyage. I am going to New Orleans. I am in love."

"In love! That is something serious."

"Yes, I am in love with a woman I met at a ball given at the Hotel de Ville. I never saw anything like her—beautiful, tall, fascinating eyes, and something superb in all her motions, which fires the senses while at the same time it inspires respect. In fine she is a marvel."

"Of course this marvel is an unmarried lady."

"No, she is married, and lives with her husband in New Orleans."

"But then—if she is married?"

"Oh, that's no matter."

"What! that no obstacle?"

"I reckon upon transferring her husband to a lunatic asylum as a madman. As soon as his insanity is proved by a decree of court, his wife will sue out a divorce. Then I shall marry her. To be prepared for this happy event, I have filled a portion of my trunks with presents for my future wife."

"Really this is an excellent idea, and it proves you possess a most fruitful imagination."

"Love makes men ingenious. And I do so adore her, she is so beautiful! Come down into my cabin and let me read you some of the letters she has written me. You will see how elegant and impassioned is her style. 'Tis Heloise born a Creole, that is indolence allied with the most exalted sentiments."

"You are a very happy man."

"Indeed I am a very, very happy man."

I wished to remain on deck, having great need of breathing fresh air; but M. X. insisted so much and so earnestly I was obliged to yield. When M. X. saw there was several beds in his cabin he became furious.

He said: "This is horrible. I have paid four hundred and eighty dollars, and I shall not be alone in my cabin! And pray who is to sleep with me?"

The butler replied: "An Englishman, sir."

"An Englishman! And why do you stick an Englishman with me? Is it because I cannot speak English? No, I have never slept with an Englishman, and I will never sleep with an Englishman."

The captain was summoned. When M. X. was convinced he could not have a cabin entirely to himself, he begged me to take the Englishman's place. The latter consented to this change of cabins. I became M. X.'s shipmate. He made me read two or three letters of his beautiful Creole every day. He had at least forty of them.

I had been some months in America, when after landing in New Orleans, I met M. X. He said to me: "Well it was perfectly successful!"

"It? What?"

"Why my scheme. I had the husband sent to an insane Asylum: the divorce was decreed, and I married his wife."

M. X. spoke with perfect seriousness. I was full of horror to think of so monstrous an act. I said to him: "You have resorted to abominable means to satisfy your love. Have you no remorse?"

"No I have no remorse, but I have some regret at having succeeded so well. If it was not much more difficult to get a sane man out of a madhouse than to send him there, to declare a divorce null than to dissolve a marriage, and if

it was not impossible to persuade an unmarried to remarry his old wife, long, long ago the poor husband would have resumed his original position and I mine."

"Has not your marriage proved a happy one?"

"Alas! I have discovered too late that happiness is not to be found in this world, either in the new or old world."

The fascinating Creole who had, with so much alacrity, taken measures to get her first husband adjudged a lunatic, made her second husband so unhappy by her incessant whims and caprices that M. X. became really crazy. He was carried to an insane asylum upon good ground of reason, and he soon died there in a state of complete prostration.

As for the first husband, the pseudo lunatic, he laughed heartily when he heard the tragic end of his successor to the favors of his ex-tender half. He obtained his liberty, and confessed he had cheerfully feigned lunacy, because he was afraid he would really become so if he did not get rid of his wife.

The greater lunatic of the two was not he who passed for the madman.

RETURN OF A BALTIMORE ARTIST.—Among the artists, American and others, whose sojourn and achievements in Rome have been noted from time to time in the past several years by travelers and letter-writers, is Wm. H. Rinehart, sculptor, of Baltimore. Mr. Rinehart left here last in 1858 for the Eternal City, and returned only last week on a visit to his family and friends. He is quite a young man, and has achieved a success and established a reputation in the world of art, which few have accomplished in so brief a period and at so early an age. He is a native of Carroll county, where his father now resides. Early developing a talent for sculpture, when but a stone-cutter's apprentice in this city, after executing a few busts of well-known citizens in a manner which fixed the seal of confidence in his genius, friends were found who willingly aided him in proceeding to and prosecuting his studies at Rome. The fruits of his professional labors in time commanded attention even amidst the many sculptured forms of the beautiful ideal and the historic in that most ancient home of the arts. Following other works, he was entrusted with a commission by the government of the United States in connection with the adornment of the capitol at Washington. This he has completed, but Mr. Rinehart will return to Italy in a few months, where he has left many orders in process of execution. While in America he will employ a portion of his time in modelling several busts for which he has orders here and in New York. Unsolicited from any quarter, Mr. Rinehart has received a large portion of his patronage from foreigners, but his work of the "Sleeping Children" adorns the lot of Mr. Sisson in Greenmount Cemetery, and in London Park Cemetery a very fine monumental group, composed of four figures, the work of his hands, has been recently erected for Mr. Fitzgerald, a well known and liberal merchant. His "Night and Morning," "Leander," "Descending to the Bath," and "Indian Girl," are in possession of patrons of art in New York.—His "Woman of Samaria," perhaps his finest work, is in possession here of a well known art patron, Wm. T. Walters, Esq., for whom he has also modelled a life-sized figure, now in Munich, to be cast in bronze, and placed in our beautiful Greenmount.—*Baltimore Sun*, June 27.

The great aim of instruction should be to give the mind the consciousness and free use of its own powers. The less of instruction the better, if it only propose to engender a slavish dependence and an inert faith. The soul often owes its best acquisitions to itself.—*Channing*.